



Graduate Collaborative Piano Degree Recital

**Anthony Hernandez, piano**  
**with sopranos Aubrey Smith and L. Amelia Lufkin**  
**and tenor Zachary Reinert**

**Saturday, June 18, 2022 at 7:00pm**

**Sheryl Crow Hall, Sinefield Music Center**

“Ah Ruggiero Crudel ... Ombre Pallide” from *Alcina* (1735)

George Frederic Handel  
(1685-1759)

with Aubrey Smith, soprano

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (1840)

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nicht
16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

with Zachary Reinert, tenor

**Short Intermission**

Cinq Quatrains de Francis Jammes (1934)

Marcel Delannoy  
(1898 – 1962)

1. Résurrection
2. La Joueuse
3. Morphée et la Muse
4. Colombine
5. Reprise

“Sempre Libera” from *La Traviata* (1853)

Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

with L. Amelia Lufkin, soprano

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson (1950)

Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

1. Nature, the gentlest mother
3. Why do they shut me out of Heaven
4. The world feels dusty
5. Heart, we will forget him
10. I've heard an organ talk sometimes
12. The Chariot

with Aubrey Smith, soprano

*Anthony Hernandez is a student of Dr. Peter Miyamoto.  
This recital partially fulfills the requirements for the  
Master of Music in Piano Performance.*

# Translations & Texts

## "Ah Ruggiero Crudel...Ombre Pallide"

recitative and aria, Act 2 from *Alcina*, HWV 34 (1735)

Ah! Ruggiero crudel, tu no mi amasti!  
Ah! che fingesti ancor, e m'ingannasti!  
E pur ti adora ancor fido mio core.  
Ah! Ruggiero crudel! Sei traditore!  
Del pallido Acheronte spiriti abitanti,  
e della notte ministri di vendetta,  
cieche figlie crudeli, a me venite!

Secondate i miei voti,  
perché Ruggiero amato  
non fugga da me ingrato.  
Guarda d'intorno, sospesa.  
Ma ohimé! misera! e quale insolita tardanza?  
eh! non m'udite? Vi cerco, e vi ascondete?  
Vi comando, e tacete?  
Evvi inganno? evvi frode?  
La mia verga fatal non ha possanza?  
Vinta, delusa Alcina, e che ti avanza?

Ombre pallide, lo so, mi udite;  
d'intorno errate, e vi celate,  
sorde da me: perché? perché?  
Fugge il mio bene; voi lo fermate  
deh! per pietate, se in questa verga,  
ch'ora disprezzo, e voglio frangere, forza non è.

## George Frideric Handel (1685 – 1759)

libretto by Riccardo Broschi (1698 – 1756)

*Ah! Ruggiero cruel, you did not love me!  
Ah! that you pretended still, and I deceived you!  
And yet you still adore my heart.  
Ah! Ruggiero cruel! You're a traitor!  
Of pale Acheron inhabitant spirits,  
the night ministers of revenge,  
blind cruel daughters, come to me!*

*Second, my votes, because Ruggiero loved  
do not run away from me ungrateful.  
Look around, suspended.  
But oh! poor! And what unusual delay?  
Eh! can't you hear me?  
I look for you, and do you listen?  
I command you, and do not you?  
Evoke deception? Evoke fraud?  
Does my fatal rod have no power?  
Won, disappointed Alcina, and who advances?*

*Pale shadows, I know, you hear me;  
around wrong, and you hide,  
deaf from me: why? Why?  
My good escapes; you stop him  
Deh! for pity, if in this rod,  
that scorn, and I want to break up, strength is not.*

## Dichterliebe, op. 48 (1840)

1) Im wunderschönen Monat Mai  
Als alle Knospen sprangen, Da ist in meinem Herzen  
die Liebe aufgegangen. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Vögel sangen, Da hab' ich ihr gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

2) Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer werden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.  
Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

3) Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne  
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;  
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,  
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

4) Wenn ich in deine Augen seh  
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';  
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,  
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.  
Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,  
Komm't's über mich wie Himmelslust;  
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!  
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

## Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

poetry by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

1) *In the wondrous month of May  
When all the buds burst into bloom,  
Then it was that in my heart Love began to burgeon.  
In the wondrous month of May, When all the birds were singing,  
Then it was I confessed to her My longing and desire.*

2) *From my tears there will spring  
Many blossoming flowers,  
And my sighs shall become  
A chorus of nightingales.  
And if you love me, child,  
I'll give you all the flowers,  
And at your window shall sound  
The nightingale's song*

3) *Rose, Lily, Dove, Sun  
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.  
I love them no more, I only love  
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;  
She, most blissful of all loves,  
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.*

4) *When I look into your eyes,  
All my pain and sorrow vanish;  
But when I kiss your lips,  
Then I am wholly healed.  
When I lay my head against your breast,  
Heavenly bliss steals over me;  
But when you say:  
I love you! I must weep bitter tears.*

## Translations & Texts

5) Ich will meine Seele tauchen in den  
Kelch der Lilie hinein;  
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen  
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.  
Das Lied soll schauern und beben,  
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,  
Den sie mir einst gegeben in wunderbar süsser Stund'.

6) Im Rhein,  
im heiligen Strome  
Da spiegelt sich in den  
Well'n mit seinem grossen Dome,  
Das grosse, heilige Köln.  
Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,  
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;  
In meines Lebens Wildnis  
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.  
Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein  
Um unsre liebe Frau;  
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,  
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

7) Ich grolle nicht,  
und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ewig verlор'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,  
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.  
Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traume,  
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,  
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.  
Ich grolle nicht.

16) Die alten, bösen Lieder  
Die Träume bö's und arg,  
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben,  
Holt einen grossen Sarg.  
Hinein leg' ich gar manches,  
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;  
Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser,  
wie's Heidelberger Fass.  
Und holt eine Totenbahre  
und Bretter fest und dick;  
Auch muss sie sein noch länger,  
als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,  
die müssen noch stärker sein  
Als wie der starke Christoph  
im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.  
Die sollen den Sarg fortragen,  
und senken ins Meer hinab;  
Denn solchem grossen Sarge  
gebührt ein grosses Grab.  
Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl  
so gross und schwer mag sein?  
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe  
und meinen Schmerz hinein.

5) *Let me bathe my soul  
in the lily's chalice;  
The lily shall resound  
with a song of my beloved.  
The songs shall tremble  
and quiver like the kiss that her lips  
Once gave me in a wondrously sweet hour*

6) *In the Rhine,  
in the holy river  
Mirrored in its waves,  
with its great cathedral,  
Stands great and holy Cologne.  
In the cathedral hangs a picture,  
Painted on gilded leather;  
Into my life's wilderness  
It has cast its friendly rays.  
Flowers and cherubs hover  
Around Our beloved Lady;  
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks  
Are the image of my love's.*

7) *I bear no grudge,  
though my heart is breaking,  
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.  
However you gleam in diamond splendour,  
No ray falls in the night of your heart.  
I've known that long. For I saw you in my dreams,  
And saw the night within your heart,  
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;  
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.  
I bear no grudge.*

16) *The bad, old songs  
The bad and bitter dreams,  
Let us now bury them.  
Fetch me a large coffin.  
I have much to put in it,  
Though what, I won't yet say;  
The coffin must be even larger  
than the vat at Heidelberg.  
And fetch a bier made  
of firm thick timber:  
And it must be even longer  
than the bridge at Mainz.  
And fetch for me twelve giants;  
They must be even stronger  
Than Saint Christopher the Strong  
in Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine,  
They shall bear the coffin away,  
and sink it deep into the sea;  
For such a large coffin  
deserves a large grave.  
Do you know why the coffin  
must be so large and heavy?  
I'd like to bury there  
my love and my sorrow too.*

### *Cinq Quatrains de Francis Jammes (1934)*

1) Résurrection  
Vous m'avez introduit chez un peuple robuste  
Dont par d'Etchegoyen j'hérite mon sang  
Et l'on me couchera dans cette terre fruste  
Où les morts se refont plus beaux que les vivants

### **Marcel Delannoy (1898-1962)** poetry by Francis Jammes (1868-1938)

1) *Resurrection  
You introduced me to a robust people  
From which by Etchegoyen I inherit my blood  
And they will lay me down in this barren land  
Where the dead make themselves more beautiful than the living*

## Translations & Texts

2) La Joueuse  
Comme un chèvrefeuille qui s'élançe au dessus du mur  
Et que balance le vent, O Belle comme le jour  
Sans te poser à terre, Tu cours

3) Morphée et la Muse  
Sommes nous donc si loin?  
Te demandaije en songe Et tu me répondis:  
Nous sommes arrivés aux lieux de ta jeunesse  
Et hombre qui s'allonge  
Est celle de la ferme où tu venais rêver.

4) Colombine  
Frêle petite fille, O rose dans la fange du cirque  
Piétinée avant que de t'ouvrir  
Dieune t'avait-il faite à l'image des anges  
Et pour que le printemps parfumât tes soupirs

5) Reprise  
Déchirons la tristesse ainsi que le soleil  
Partagé un banc de brume au flanc de la montagne  
Et nous ne verrons plus que l'espoir qui nous gagne  
Et la verte prairie et les rosiers vermeils

2) The Player  
*Like a honeysuckle soaring over the wall  
And let the wind sway, O beautiful as the day  
Without landing on the ground, you run*

3) Morpheus and the Muse  
*Are we so far away?  
I asked you in a dream And you answered me:  
We have arrived to the places of your youth  
And a man who lies down is of the farm  
where you came to dream.*

4) Columbine  
*Frail little girl, O rose in the mire of the circus  
Trampled before you open  
Did God make you like angels  
And so that spring perfumes your sighs?*

5) Reprise  
*Let's tear apart the sadness and the sun  
Shared a mist bank on the mountainside  
And we will only see the hope that wins us over  
And the green meadow and the vermilion rose*

### “Sempre Libera” from *La Traviata* (1853)

È strano! È strano!  
in core scolpiti ho quegli accenti!  
Saria per me sventura un serio amore?  
Che risolvi, o turbata anima mia?  
Null'uomo ancora t'accendeva.  
Oh, gioia ch'io non conobbi  
esser amata amando! E sdegnarla poss'io  
per l'aride follie dei viver mio?

Ah, fors'è lui che l'anima  
solinga ne' tumulti godeva sovente pingere de' suoi colori  
occulti. Lui, che modesto e vigile all'egre soglie ascese,  
e nuova febbre accese  
destandomi all'amor! A quell'amor ch'è palpito  
dell'universo intero misterioso, altero croce e delizia al cor.  
Follie! Delirio vano è questo!  
Povera donna, sola, abbandonata  
in questo popoloso deserto  
che appellano Parigi, che spero or'più?  
Che far degg'io? Gioire!  
Di voluttà ne' vortici perir! Gioir!

Sempre libera degg'io folleggiare di gioia in gioia  
vo' che scorra il viver mio pei sentieri del piacer nasca il  
giorno, o il giorno muoia sempre lieta ne' ritrovi  
a dilette sempre nuovi dee volare il mio pensier  
Follie! Follie delirio vano è questo!  
Povera donna, sola, abbandonata in questo popoloso  
deserto che appellano Parigi,  
che spero or' più? che far degg'io!  
Gioire! Di voluttà nei vortici perire.

### Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

libretto by Francesco Maria Piave (1810-1876)

*How strange! How strange!  
I have these words engraved in my heart!  
Would a serious love be a misfortune for me?  
What's your decision, oh troubled soul of mine?  
No man has set you on fire before  
Oh what joy, I didn't know being loved, loving!  
And could I reject it  
out of the barren insanity of my living?*

*Ah, maybe he's the one who often rejoiced painting my soul  
alone amid excitements with his occult colours  
How modest and vigilant he climbed the sad doorsteps  
and lit up a new fever arousing my love!  
Such a love that makes the whole universe palpitate  
mysterious and lofty crucifixion and delight for my heart  
Madness! This is a futile delirium!  
Poor woman, alone, abandoned  
in this crowded desert that's called Paris  
what do I hope for now on?  
What must I do? Have fun!  
Perish in the vortices of pleasure! Have fun!*

*I must stay always free cavorting from joy to joy  
I want my living to run trough paths of pleasure day in and  
day out always happy in hangouts among  
always new delights my thoughts should fly,  
Madness! This is madness, a futile delirium! Poor woman,  
alone, abandoned in this crowded desert that's called  
Paris, what do I hope for now on?  
What must I do?  
Have fun! Perish in the vortices of pleasure!*

**Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson (1950)**

1) Nature, the gentlest mother  
Impatient of no child,  
The feeblest or the waywardest, -  
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill  
By traveller is heard,  
Restraining rampant squirrel  
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,  
A summer afternoon, -  
Her household, her assembly;  
And when the sun goes down

3) Why do they shut me out of Heaven?  
Did I sing — too loud?  
But — I can sing a little minor,  
Timid as a Bird!  
Wouldn't the Angels try me —  
Just — once — more —  
Just — see if I troubled them —  
But don't shut the door!  
Oh, if I — were the Gentleman  
In the White Robes —  
And they — were the little Hand  
that knocked, Could — I — forbid...?  
*(song dedicated to Ingolf Dahl)*

4) The world feels dusty,  
when we stop to die...  
We want the dew then  
Honors taste dry...  
Flags vex a dying face  
But the least fan  
stirred by a friend's hand  
Cools like the rain  
Mine be the ministry  
when thy thirst comes...  
Dews of thyself to fetch  
and holy balms.  
*(song dedicated to Alexei Haieff)*

5) Heart, we will forget him  
You and I, tonight.  
You may forget the warmth he gave,  
I will forget the light.  
When you have done, pray tell me,  
That I my thoughts may dim;  
Haste! lest while you're lagging,  
I may remember him!  
*(song dedicated to Marcelle de Manziarly)*

**Aaron Copland (1900 – 1990)**  
poetry by Emily Dickinson (1830 – 1886)

Her voice among the aisles  
Incites the timid prayer  
Of the minutest cricket,  
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep  
She turns as long away  
As will suffice to light her lamps;  
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection  
And infiniter care,  
Her golden finger on her lip,  
Wills silence everywhere.

*(song dedicated to David Diamond)*

10) I've heard an organ talk sometimes  
In a Cathedral Aisle  
And understood no word it said —  
Yet held my breath, the while —  
And risen up — and gone away,  
A more Berdardine Girl —  
And — know not what was done to me  
In that old Hallowed Aisle.

*(song dedicated to Alberto Ginastera)*

12) The Chariot  
Because I could not stop for Death,  
He kindly stopped for me —  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves —  
And Immortality.  
We slowly drove — He knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility —  
We passed the School, where Children played  
Their lessons scarcely done  
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain —  
We passed the Setting Sun —  
We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground —  
The Roof was scarcely visible—  
The Cornice but a mound —  
Since then — 'tis Centuries — but each  
Feels shorter than the Day,  
I first surmised. The Horses' Heads  
Were toward Eternity...  
*(song dedicated to Arthur Berger)*